Now doe you know the reason of this haste?
Fri. I would I knew not why it should be slowed.
Looke sir here comes the Lady towards my Cell.

Enter. Iuliet.

Par. Happily met my Lady and my wife.
Iu. That may be sir, when I may be a wife.
Pa. That may be must be loue, on Thursday next.
Iu. What must be, shall be.
Fri. Thats a certayne text.
Par. Come you to make confession to this Father?
Iu. To answere that, I should confesse to you.
Pa. Doe not denie to him, that you loue me.
Iu. I will confesse to you that I loue him.
Par. So will ye, I am sure that you loue me.
Iu. If I doe so, it will bee of more price,
Being spoke behind your backe, then to your face.
Par. Poore soule thy face is much abusd with teares.
Iu. The teares haue got small victorie by that,
For it was bad enough before their spight.
Pa. Thou wrongst it more then tea es with that report.
Iu. That is slander sir, which is a truth,
And what I spake, I spake it to my face.
Pa. Thy face is mine, and thou hast slaundred it.
Iu. It may be so, for it is not mine owne.
Are you at leasure, holy Father now,
Or shall I come to you at Eu ning Masse?
Fri. My leisure serues me, pensiue Daughter now,
My Lord we must intreate the time alone.
Pa. Godshield, I should disturbe deuotion,
Iuliet, on Thursday early will I rowse yee,
Till then adue, and keepe this holy kisse. *Exit.*
Iu. O shut the doore, and when thou hast done so,
Come weepe with me, past hope, past care, past helpe.
Fri. O *Iuliet* I already know thy griefe,
It straines me past the compasse of my wits,
I heare thou must, and nothing may prorogue it,
On Thursday next be married to this Countie.

Iu.

Iu. Tell me not *Frier* that thou heareſt of this,
Vnlesse thou tell me how I may preuent it:
If in thy wisdome thou canst giue no helpe,
Doe thou but call my resolution wise,
And with this Knife, Ile helpe it presently,
God ioynd my heart, and *Romeos*, thou our hands
And ere this hand by thee to *Romeos* seald:
Shall be the Labell to another deed,
Or my true heart with trecherous reuolt,
Turne to another, this shall slay them both:
Therefore out of thy long experien'st time,
Giue me some present counsell, or behold
Twixt my extremes and me, this bloudy Knife
Shall play the Vmpire, arbitrating that,
Which the commission of thy yeares and art,
Could to no issue of true honour bring:
Be not so long to speake, I long to dye,
If what thou speak'st, speake not of remedie.
Fri. Hold daughter, I doe spy a kind of hope,
Which craues as desperate an execution.
As that is desperate which we would preuent.
If rather then to marrie Countie *Paris*
Thou hast the strength of will to slay thy selfe,
Then is it likely thou wilt vndertake
A thing like death to chide away this shame,
That coop'st with death himselfe, to scape from it.
And if thou dareſt, Ile giue thee remedie.
Iu. Oh bid me leape, rather then marry *Paris*,
From of the battlements of any Tower,
Or walke in theeuish wayes, or bid me lurke
Where Serpents are: chaine me with roring Beares
Or hide me nightly in a Charnell house,
Ore couered quite with dead mens ratling bones,
With reekie shankes and yellow chapleſſe sculs:
Or bid me goe into a new made graue,
And hide me with a dead man in his shroud,
Things that to heare them told, haue made me tremble,

And